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ORIGINAL POETRY.

ODE TO THE OLD YEAR.

Departing Year, Farewell!
With thee the various events of past time,
Are in oblivion, grave entombed forever;
Even the merry song, thy parting knell
Proclaims that thou art gone—no more.

Indulge my Muse in Retrospection sweet,
In seeking to reflect on things that were;
Behold the waning colour of Time's flowers,
Whose rich perfume we never again will meet.

Alas! my youthful life
Is fled—like a bird, I cannot ring
Stains, such as silver hair brings;
Such as I vainly would give—yet cannot sing.
Oh! on aspiring youth, my Muse ascend!
Now give a loud, a bold and fearless strain;
Chase each sweet sister for a guiding friend,
And tune my lute, hark! hark! again.

Mortal's smile gaily
Is but a transient joyous holiday;
Inspire with joy each palpitating heart,
And bid it never from its seat depart.

I saw gay Spring, o'er mountains and thro' vale,
Her odours wafting on the gentle gale;
While zephyrs lightly o'er her bosom play,
I saw the flowers spring, and bloom and thrive,
And yet those flowers do no longer live.

I saw fair Spring and all her sweets soon fade,
And autumn Summer in her place appear;
When, from the heart, some cold and cruel shade,
The sun-burnt labourer took his mid-day cheer,
And I saw summer die, with all her train:
She had her sweets—she'll never return again!

Then golden Autumn—come, all hail with thee,
The yellow golden—song and dance went round!
All cheerily join'd in harvest revelry,
And all tripping lightly o'er the verdant ground;
Yet Autumn came—long Winter came,
And left us but the memory of her name!

In Winter, joy doth oft the bosom warm,
Recollection brings unto our mind,
Midst storm's cold blast, and winter's cruel storm,
Homeside, and scarce a pitying hand can find
No pitying hand—yes, thanks to ONE SUPREME,
Humanity doth yet in fair Creation live,
And while benign her God-like smiles do beam,
She doth to woe-worn hearts her pitying give.

The child of sorrow will not be forgot,
Even amid the revels of the hour,
Those to whom fate misfortune's dole allot,
Will even now feel Charity's soft power.

Again farewell, thou now departed Year,
For what dost thou deprecating Time resist?
Altho' no more shall mortal hail thee here,
Thou shalt forever in memory exist.

Thou new-born Year, all hail!
May we in joy and peace,
Which now comes with thee, an assurance find,
That virtue, with thy steps, will ever go hand in hand,
And that the Lord shall guard and stay the mind.

SONG.

Deep down in the ocean there lies a green way,
Where the water-meadows glide, and the sea-urchins play;
Where the mermaids meet, with their diamond water-gems,
And their robes of fresh seaweed, disposed round their limbs.

Oh! silently, coldly, they move through their care,
With their hair, like green streamers, dispersed in the air;
And their voices are hushed in those lone oceanic halls,
Which their lovers awake in those lone oceanic halls.

They exult not in beams of the moon or the sun;
Of the stars or the planets, they never see one;
But thousands of sparkling meteors are there,
Like those that we see in our own upper air.

They hear not the searings, they smell not the flowers;
They fly not for coral in their grottoes and bowers;
Nor do they an altar, or worshipping mat,
Save that which the Lord hath raised up in their heart.

We cannot see them, who sink in their wave,
And find where they pore an empire, a grave,
Or around them in ocean's bosom, as we,
Lost and given their seaweeds to form him a shroud.

TO MISS T.

When Orpheus sung his lyre, the plaintive moon
Laughed to the winds, and made the mountains quiver;
And when he sang of love, his heavenly voice,
'Twas music charm'd—his lyre redeemed his life.

Yet I, when I sing, I sing in vain;
I sing in song, but I sing in vain;
I sing in song, but I sing in vain;
I sing in song, but I sing in vain.

My lyre is broken, and my voice is low;
My lyre is broken, and my voice is low;
My lyre is broken, and my voice is low;
My lyre is broken, and my voice is low.

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STANZAS.

"O'er the Phœnix, through the air,
O'er high Olympus proudly flies;
As down by Phœnix they never tire;
The lesser planets shrink in air,
Retire, nor dare oppose his awe,
Or hear his searching fire."

But when the western breeze's breath
Aids the weak monarch's rest,
And high maintains her way;
When darkness veils the eastern earth,
'Tis then the stars receive their birth,
And shine with genial ray.

So have I seen the saint in life,
Yielding the vain and fruitless strife,
To be on earth renewed,
More splendid than his former life;
More glittering heroes led in pride,
With pomp and power are crowned.

But when their glorious life is o'er,
Their power is walled with their breath,
And darkness shrouds their shade—
'Tis then with pure and heavenly ray,
The beams shall change the night to day,
And never, never fade.

NEBUCHADNEZZAR.

THE DISTRESSED WIDOW.
A reasonable Hint to the Friends of Humanity.

Turn not your eyes, ye happy, from my door;
Nor turn the head which looks on me with scorn;
O'er better days were mine: false friends obeyed,
My husband, and my home, my friends, my store.

My heart could then the needful warmth afford,
And decent plenty crown'd my cheerful board;
But heart with heart, my husband's love no longer flows;
And heart with heart, my husband's love no longer flows.

For with these babes the coarsest food to share,
Hard is our lot, and rent is my fair hair;
Let her whose tender bosom has conceived
Material joys (her offspring at her breast).

To mild compassion power her heart resign,
And for a moment think on me and mine;
Compell'd my husband for a cot to quit,
Compell'd my husband for a cot to quit.

What pains must that ingenious woman feel,
To feed her husband's babes, and feed her self;
To feed her husband's babes, and feed her self;
To feed her husband's babes, and feed her self.

To feed her husband's babes, and feed her self;
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To feed her husband's babes, and feed her self.

SONNET TO ST. CECILIA.

Written upon attending the late Concert of the St. Cecilia Society.

Strike thy shrill and mellow lyre;
Fire my soul with magic lay;
All that music can impart,
All that skillful hand can raise;
Tune celestial, cadence sweet,
Harmony that lulls to rest,
Melody and concord meet;
Soothe my soul, inspire my breast!
Now thy rapid fingers, flying,
Touch the strings—thy spirit soar!
Now, thy falling cadence, dying,
Softens all thou raisedst before;
While thy varied notes I hear,
Nearer will music fire my ear!

ADOLPHUS.

THE MORALIST.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The New Year has just begun—the bells,
In joyful jingle, welcome that stranger whose
Life has just commenced, and whose end is
Fixed in the records of that winged, imaginary
Being, whose slow, but steady flight, mortals
Disregard, till it is nearly ended. But to what
Thinking being does not this returning ear
Bring reflections, which, for a time, cannot
Fail to produce a most salutary effect. When
Reflection recalls the remembrance of the many
Errors we have committed, which cannot now
Be repaired—the prodigal waste many of us
Have made of those moments which can never
Return, there will be found more cause for
Humility than exultation—for gravity than re-
joicing—and for self-examination, than care-
lessness and levity. Among other causes for
Serious reflection—nay, even for those of a
Mournful cast, is the recollection of those
Friends who commenced the last year with us—
Some of whom are perhaps lost to us by the
Difference of their pursuits—some separated
By the common incidents of life—whilst
Others, who were then fresh and blooming,
Alive to all the blessings of life, are now laid
In the cold and silent mansions of the dead.

When to the severity of these losses, we add
The reflection, that we are all hastening to
That quiet and undisturbed retreat of "busy,
Bustling man," where all the passions which
Once agitated and tormented him, are laid
Forever at rest—that, even before this year is
Completed, we may be "gathered unto our
Fathers," or witness the departure of many of
Those friends, who now rejoice at its com-
mencement, but who will never behold its
Termination, every gay thought then vanishes,
And reflection rests solely upon the most
Momentous subjects.

In the commencement of a new year, we
Are entering on an untrodden, undiscovered
Country, where, as each succeeding month
Closes forward, new scenes may open, and
New objects engage our attention—changes
At home or abroad, in public or in private af-
fairs, may alter the whole state of our for-
tune—new connections may be at hand, to be
Formed—or old ones just about to be dissolved.
Perhaps we may have little more to do with
This world, or with any of its connections.

We may be standing on the verge of life and
Existence. In short, the prospect before us is
Full of awful uncertainty. Life and death,
Prosperity and adversity, health and sickness,
Joy and trouble, lie in one undistinguishable
Mass, where our eyes can discern nothing
Through the "obscurity that wraps them up."

Since, then, our condition is so uncertain and
Transitory, let us attend to the views and
Feelings, the resolutions and conduct which it
Dictates; let us deeply regret the misapplica-
tion and waste of much of the year we have
Completed, and resolve to correct past errors
And follies. Are we sensible to a proneness
To any vicious, destructive habits?—let us be-
gin this year with reforming them. We have
No shadow of pretence for delay. By habits
Of vice the moral discernment is impaired—the
Sense of shame is lessened—the hope of
Amendment is at length resigned, and the of-
fender made incorrigible but by a miracle.

JANUARY 1, 1825. WAYNE.

HAPPINESS.

How transient and delusive are the joys of
Life. In vain does man seek for happiness in
This short and transitory state. He aims at the
subject, but cannot reach it. He is like a
phantom, still like a delusive phantom, it plays
about him, but ever shunning his anxious
grasp.

Happiness has been the aim and the search
Of man ever since the commencement of time,
And happiness is still the grand object he has
In view. From the monarch on his imperial
throne, down to the lowest peasant that in-
habits the wildest and most uncultivated for-
est, we find their object the same.

Various and different are the ways taken,
And the means used, to obtain happiness, but
few are so fortunate as to find the golden
treasure. Some have sought it in the silken
bands of matrimony, and have volunteered
their services to Hymen. Many, very many,
have bowed in humble attitude before the
golden image of Plutus. Others, having
been disappointed in all their searches for
happiness, have fell to worshipping Bacchus
vainly hoping,

If happiness could not be found,
Sorrow might be drown'd.
But happiness still seems to evade the search
Of each character, and delude them by her
enchancing smiles.

Where then shall happiness be found? Not
In the gay parade of courts, nor yet in the
lofty sounds of fame and glory. Not in the
crowded coffers of the miser; nor yet in the
glow of beauty! Not in the sanctimonious
sarcasm of hypocritical gravity! nor yet in the
poisonous cup of dissipation! All these leave
a sting behind which far out-weighs the
momentary joys and comforts they afford.

Does thy soul pant for happiness, O man?
Then follow the examples of the meek
and lowly Jesus. Obey his precepts; for in
him were consecrated all the perfections of
humanity. Bow in humble attitude before
him, who with an unerring hand rules the
destinies of man. Treat all mankind as mem-
bers of one family, and descendants of one
common parent. Be charitable; be humane;
be kind to the unfortunate. Follow with

sincerity and unfeigned piety the true pre-
cepts of religion, without the sanctimonious
cant of hypocrisy, and thy soul shall expand
with love towards the Author of all good—
Then shall peace dwell within thy breast and
Happiness cheer thy heart.

CRITICISM.

Who reads an American Book—Edinburgh Review.

Messrs. Editors.—So much was written, by
the English and Scotch travellers and critics,
concerning the low state of literature among
us, and the corruptions of the "King's En-
glish," that every body began to suppose that
we spoke nothing but a miserable jargon, and
that our writings were marked with strong
peculiarities. One of the Reviewers, to settle
the question of the pretensions of Ameri-
can authors, sneeringly put the query we
have placed at the head of this essay. A
great revolution, however, has happened; our
transatlantic brethren begin to discover,
that our state papers are not surpassed, prob-
ably not equalled, in perspicuity and wis-
dom, by any similar documents; that the no-
vels of Brown and Cooper are of the highest
character; that the wit of Salinquin and
Knickerbocker, is much purer than the hu-
mour of the facetious writers of Swift, Sterne,
or Fielding; and that some of the verses of
Percival are adorned with unusually rich and
appropriate imagery, and contain a vein of
singularly chaste and poetic feeling.

There are, nevertheless, faults in the writ-
ings of many of our authors, and in the lan-
guage of our countrymen, which should be
corrected. What is most common, and most
to be deprecated, is a false taste in the selec-
tion of words. Our authors seem to be con-
tinually aiming at the sublime. "They are
not content with expressing common things
in a common way," says an essayist in the
Port Folio. In describing every-day occur-
rences, the most turgid and inflated phraseol-
ogy is frequently employed—of the king-
doms of nature, and every department of the
arts, are searched for figures, illustrations,
and comparisons.

To the charge of guessing what we abso-
lutely know—of reckoning and calculating,
when no computation is necessary—and of
continually aiming at the sublime. "They are
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in a common way," says an essayist in the
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and comparisons.

The people, in this section of the country,
in common parlance, convert the word ordi-
nary into ordinary. But every where, in the
public prints, the term lengthy, for long, fre-
quently appears, and deserves particular no-
tice. That it is highly improper, cannot be
better shown than by attempting a similar
change in the kindred words wide and broad.
If lengthy be correct, by strict analogy, we
should have widely and broadly.

We have certainly almost totally changed
the signification of the adjective clever. What
among us uses it in the original sense given
by Johnson; namely, "skilful, dexterous,
ready, fit."

We have, moreover, been charged with
coining and introducing gallicisms. These
are privileges to which, in certain cases, we
have a right; from the exercise of which can
arise little danger of destroying the genius
of our language, as it is made up of words
drawn from almost all the ancient and modern
tongues. *Clever* is a term we apply to
such assemblies as never existed in the
mother country; and as the vast, fertile plains
of our western territories are totally unlike
anything in the old world, a correct idea of
them could not have been conveyed without
circumlocution. We have very properly
adopted and appropriated the French word
prairie.

After all that has been said to the contrary,
however, we have cause to congratulate our-
selves upon the purity of our language. No-
thing like vain-glory will be found in this as-
sertion, when the following circumstances are
remembered. Half a century ago, our popu-
lation consisted of but three millions. This
people, speaking various languages and
dialects, were scattered over the thirteen origi-
nal States, laying along the Atlantic ocean.
We now have a population of eleven millions,
which extend from the great Lakes to the
Gulf of Mexico, and from the Atlantic to the
Mississippi. No inconsiderable number of
this great people is made up of emigrants
from Germany, France, Ireland, and, in a
word, from every country of Europe. Al-
though many of these strangers came out in
large companies, dwell in the same neighbor-
hood, and make great exertions to preserve
their languages, they are all rapidly giving
way to the English, which is universally em-
ployed in the acts of the Government, in the
Courts, and in Commerce. Indeed, it seems
to me not at all visionary to conclude, that
the very discrepancy of the different sections
of our population, will be the cause of our
language assuming a uniform and correct
shape, and will render it less liable to be dis-
torted with conflicting idioms, as is the case
in all the countries of Europe. The lan-
guages of those countries are corruptions of
the Latin, or modifications of the Sclavonic
and German, which were spoken by the Bar-
barians, in the forests of the North, during
the decline of the Roman Empire. They as-
sumed nearly their present shape in the feudal
ages, when there was very little intercourse
between the different provinces—when arms
opened the only road to renown, and the few
books that were written, were couched in
barbaric Latin, and contained little but the
details of the superstitions of the Monks, or the
mas of the Alchemists. Hence it is that there
are thirty or forty German dialects—that the
boor of Lancashire can scarcely understand
his neighbour of Yorkshire—and that the lan-
guage of the South of France is barely intelli-
gible to the inhabitants of the more Northern
departments. So firmly are these peculiarities
fixed in some places, that the *Wallon*, or
Kæter-Walsch, a dialect which is neither un-
derstood by the Fleming, nor Hollanders, nor
Frenchman, has been spoken for ages by the
inhabitants of Liege, and is confined within
the boundaries of that city.

But our nation is forming under different
circumstances. Its foundation was laid during
the very Augustin age of English literature.
Among us the common branches of education
are diffused to an unparalleled extent. The
incessant intercourse of our active and enter-
prising people wears off all singularities of
expression. We have no dialects sanctioned
by age—no Court to look to for a fashionable
language; and the great works of Johnson
and Walker are consequently our only guides.
Hence we find, that uncommon uniformity
prevails in the phraseology and pronunciation
of the people dwelling in every section of
our vast empire.

NEW YEAR'S EVE, OR, THE SOLDIER'S TALE—A FRAGMENT.

It was the evening of the last day of 1810,
when a few intimate friends had joined the
family circle of Lieutenant F., a respectable
citizen of Philadelphia. The weather was
clear and frosty, and the guests were busily
employed, in various directions, in fring
adieu to the departing year. Lieutenant F.
had been an officer during the revolution,
and the conversation turned on the events of
that period. He remarked that upwards of
thirty years had elapsed since he had taken
arms in the service of his country. "When
I first fought under her banners," said he, "I
had no commission, but belonged to a regi-
ment of cavalry, chiefly composed of young
gentlemen of respectability, to one of whom
I was attached by the closest ties of friend-
ship."

He was nearly of my own age, amiable
in character, and possessed of winning man-
ners; but his soul, gentle as woman's, was en-
tirely unfit for the rude storm of war. His
person was finely formed, and his features
handsome, and there was a touching, pensive
melancholy in his character, (which was an
amiable compound of sensibility and romance),
that strongly endeared him to me. He was a
poet, and possessed of all the poet's finest
feelings. Though by no means of an unsocial
disposition, he would often steal from the con-
vivial circle, and wander to a favourite hill,
crowned with a lofty grove of oaks, in the
neighbourhood of which, and as the moon-
beams played around him, and the surround-
ing landscape lay in silence beneath, he would
gaze intently on the beautiful scene, and me-
ditate on her he loved: for it was hopeless
love that haunted the brow of health from his
cheek, and wrested peace from his bosom.

To me he confided the secret of his grief.
Some time before the commencement of hos-
tilities, he had formed an attachment for a
Miss Wilson, an amiable and a beautiful young
lady. He had received a return of affection,
and expected, in a few months, to make her
his wife, when the storm of war forever blight-
ed his happiness. Her father had joined the
English, while the family of my friend enlist-
ed, heart and hand, in the service of their
country. An immediate rupture, and conten-
tious dismissal was the consequence, and a
few months after, Miss Wilson, by the com-
mand of her father, unwillingly gave her
hand to a gentleman of the same political
principles as himself. Cowardice was a stran-
ger to the soul of my friend, and the fire of
patriotism would sparkle in his eye and kindle
on his cheek at the mention of the insulted
rights of his country, but he shrunk from the
carnage of war, and instead of endeavouring
to conquer the ardour of his love, he fondly
nourished the insidious enemy of his earthly
happiness. The image of her he adored was
with him in every scene, and he sought the
shades of solitude, that he might, in lonely
meditation, indulge in the reverie of love, or
the delusive dream of fancy. The evening
preceding the battle of Brandywine, I entered
his tent, (time has not effaced one circum-
stance of interest from my memory,) he was
absorbed in thought, and his mind was en-
tirely preoccupied; he was pale, and his eye
full of grief; it was calm, but a heavy gloom
hung on his eye-lids, and glistened on his
cheek. I spoke to him. He started, and
hastily brushed the tear from his eye. He
had been writing; his pencil and paper lay
before him. "You have been weeping the
fancies of the muses," said I, "have you
been weeping the fancies of the muses?"
"No," he replied, "I have wept for my
country—probably—for the last time." He
paused an instant, and then continued, "I do not mean
I have no fear of death, for nature shudders
at the thought of the dark, narrow pit, but
it has been long familiar to my mind. The
strongest tie that bound me to life is broken,
and I may perhaps enjoy, in another world,
the happiness that is denied me in this. Your
friendship, added to my hand, has been the
sweetest solace of the last few months of my life. Oh! the sanctuaries of
your unhappy friend, when he is no more!"
and, taking a small gold brooch from the
bosom of his shirt, he continued, "Keep this in
remembrance of me; it was the gift of my
Julia; her hair is interwoven with mine, as I
once hoped would have been her destiny." I
could not speak—but, in spite of myself, I
sobbed aloud, as he closed the relic in my
hand. "Nay," said he, "I mean not to
afflict you, and speak not from any super-
stitious sentiment; but I may be one of the
many who shall perish in the awful storm
that hangs over us." Then, affectionately
embracing me, he bade me think no more of
his gloomy prophecy, and retired. After passing an
almost sleepless night, I rose, at the first ap-
proach of morning, and again sought my
friend. He was even unusually cheerful, nor
did he once revert to our late conversation.
But his prediction was too fatally accomplish-
ed—he fell! and a green turf, on the banks
of the Brandywine, covers the remains of my
unhappy friend." EMILY.

COLIN AND COLINETTE.

Colinette was young and handsome, she
was the daughter of a poor farmer, and heir-
ess only to the blessings of health and con-
tinent. Colin was a neighbouring shepherd,
and possessed but a scanty pittance, which he
derived from attending his fleecy care. It
may be said of love as of ambition, both the
one and the other lead to great achievements
if they are well directed. Love is only con-
vulsion, and the heart is corrupt; in vicious
men it is the principle of all disorders; but
being of a refined nature in generous souls, it
prompts them to the most noble efforts. Col-
in retiring home one evening with his sheep,
was solicited by Colinette to make one in a
small party at gambols on the green, which
was to be the ensuing evening, in celebration
of the birth day of the neighboring 'Squire.

Colin joyfully accepted the generous invita-
tion, and with a garland of roses which he
wove for Colinette, he repaired to her father's
farm. Colinette, with the contemplation of the
rural enjoyments they were to share, they
listened to the green, and partook of the
entertainments, which were furnished in an
elegant simplicity. During the evening the
'Squire passed many encomiums on them,
and at the conclusion enquired of his steward
what they were, when on being informed, he
promised himself to gain an acquaintance
with them. Colin was charmed with the ele-
gance and simplicity of her manners, and in
walking home he told his artless tale. Coli-
nette answered only with a blush, which dis-
fused itself over her countenance, and which
considerably heightened her charms. When
they arrived at home, Colinette made her
parents acquainted with the proposal, and
they cheerfully gave their assent thereto. As
the 'Squire was walking one day through the

meadows, absorbed in thought, on turning
round he was suddenly attracted by the agree-
able appearance of Colin, who lay asleep—
Stopping short, he exclaimed, "How happy
is this rustic! How sound does he sleep
upon the grass, while I, lying on a bed formed
by the hands of luxury, have not been able
to close my eye-lids."

This soliloquy accom-
panied with a deep sigh, awakened the sleep-
er. "Is it you, Colinette?" said he, rub-
bing his eyes. "Who is Colinette, my
friend?" said the 'Squire. "Ah! please your
honour, my lord," answered Colin, "she is a
pretty girl in our village, whom I am court-
ing, and shall be married to her to-morrow."

"What?" said the 'Squire, "can you sleep
to-day, when you are to be married to-mor-
row?" "Yes, my lord," said he; "can hap-
piness keep a person from sleeping? If you
will do us the honour to come to our wedding,
you will then see that we are not always
asleep."

The 'Squire accepted the invitation,
and promised to be with them. Colin return-
ed in triumph to the village, and related his
adventure to Colinette, who blushed on hear-
ing it. The marriage was celebrated—Simplicity
furnished its ornaments, and mirth was the
only expense. The 'Squire kept his
promise, was present at the wedding, made
one in the dances, and has given them their
repeated proofs of the sincerity of his friend-
ship and esteem.

Feeling in virtue's cause proclaims a mind,
And gives to beauty greater worth and kind;
O'er who could bear the lovely form of art?
A cherub's face with an unfeeling heart?
In there alone they find true joys appear,
The wife, the parent, and the friend sincere.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

DESULTORY SHEETS.—No. 1.

"The carriage bows along, and all are pleased,
If it be sober, and the wheels well greased;
But—"

"Can you whom truth and wisdom lead,
Can rather honey from a weed?" The same.

We were travelling through a wilderness
of Pine trees, and jogged on at a slow trot,
for the day was so warm, the sand so heavy,
and the mosquitoes so plenty, that I had not
the heart to intimate to our patient beasts a
desire to proceed faster; indeed, what asto-
nished me, was that they should go on so well;
for we had come all the way from Mount Hol-
ly through roads which, our driver testified,
were very heavy. The portion of New Jer-
sey that I had seen, during the day, was quite
interesting. Our Pennsylvania farmers may
say what they please, but many of those farms
had passed, I am sure, lacked nothing of
that beauty, richness, and cultivation, which
distinguish their own. Here were to be seen
proud fields of Indian corn, rising, with its
tasselled head and long green leaf, in the
same luxuriance in which I had left it at
home; and there, acres of strong millet, and
humming clover, were basking in the glare of
the reappearing sun. Battle were grazing
in extended fields, and bowery orchards were
loaded with their growing fruit. I was always
pleased with a change from the uneven
ground and rough roads of Pennsylvania, to
the levelness of a Jersey landscape, and the
quiet sensation of travelling her sandy ways.

But must acknowledge there was something
in the people too, that always rendered my
journeys in New Jersey peculiarly agreeable.
Never have I been used in a kinder manner
than whilst in New Jersey. There have I
met with those bright eyes and glowing com-
plexions which are as dear to young Poets as
the coolness of a summer's eve is to the pri-
mrose of night; and there have I met with
those faces on which the mild pen of Barton
would love to dwell, amiable and unaffected,
resembling to mind Thompson's beautiful de-
scription of Lavinia—

"Vivid in simple robe; for loveliness
Keels not the design of art or ornament;
But, in her unadorn'd, adorn'd the most."

An agreeable liveliness I have always found
to form a prominent feature in the characters
of these maidens, which has never failed to
render the friendly party in which I have there
been engaged peculiarly pleasant; nor is it
extinguished in after-life, for all seem to pos-
sess it. In the Hall, or any of the other
popular places of resort, (especially
with some of the blooming damsels from
Springfield,) I am sure could not fail to throw
the most misanthropical mind into the rosy
chain of feelings which is compounded of Joy
and Hope, Love and Friendship. At Union
Hall, (properly named, for there hilarity and
propriety are closely united,) I first was
sensible of the beauty of a Cedar-swing.
The trees composing it rise to a considerable
height, straight as Indian reeds, divested of
all foliage, until near their highest extremity,
where, uniting with each other, interlacing
and arching, they form a thick canopy, ex-
cluding the rays of the sun, their brown stems,
bare and slender, rising close to each other,
insensibly recede to the mind's-eye, the clus-
tered pillars of the Gothic order, surmounted
by their light, yet gloomy arches. Approaching
the Hall, the road, for upwards of a hundred
yards, is cut through an almost impenetrable
growth of tall cedars, which would not sink
in comparison with the renowned trees of Pa-
lestine; here you pass along, under the con-
tinued arch formed by the dark-green boughs
above, giving the whole a sombre appearance,
even in the brightest of days; and here I
thought, that were this place but located
near the hills and rocks of Scotland, how soon
familiar spirits, or tradition, would assign to
this little romantic connexion with my friend,
land, and with its so universally cherished
feelings, which caused the Poet to sing of
them in his most beautiful manner, telling his
friend,

"There must thou wake perfure thy doric quill;
'Tis fancy's land to which thou sett'st thy feet,
Where still, 'tis said, the fairy people meet;
Beneath each hidden shade, as mead or hill,
There each true lass that skins the milky store,
To the sweet tribes, their creamy bowls allot;
By night they up it round the cottage door,
While airy minstrels warble jocund notes."

Or describing the
"Luckless swain, all unobscured, indeed!
'Tis he, the bower'd in the dark, dark fen,
Far from his flock, and smoking, hounds, and den,
To that spot where hounds the sedate weed;
On him, enraged, the fiend in angry mood,
Shall never look with pity's kind concern."

Nothing of this kind is said, or sung of the
spot which I am describing, although stories
of fairies and kelpies crossed my mind on
seeing it; and, indeed, it did seem something
like enchantment, when

curiosity with an account of my own person and situation, but shall at some future period lay before them all that I have known of me by advantage. That I have been much of what is called "life," and "the world," they will discover as they become better acquainted; and that I can be a very agreeable old fellow, on proper occasions, you will not doubt discover, by their eagerness to see the sheets that contain my lucubrations. On the present occasion, (as the wind is easterly) I feel a leaning towards the serious and useful, and as I am in the habit of following the bent of my humor, I shall lay before you what I have thought.

The "cant of criticism" has often been stridged, its various disguises exposed, and subjected to ridicule and contempt; but the mischief produced by pretenders to critical discrimination, is much greater than is generally supposed, and deserves more frequent and pointed censure than it has generally received. The evil it produces is of comparatively slight consequence in long established and opulent communities, where the means of forming correct judgments are more withstanding every error, but in our country, where a much greater latitude is allowed to persons who undertake to decide on the excellence or defects of different productions of art or science, the injury is frequently of the greatest magnitude, and may continue to operate long after the originator may have passed into his merited oblivion.

It has been properly remarked, that men are more desirous to obtain credit for matters entirely out of the range of their peculiar studies, than for excellence in those departments they are known to have most labored. Many who are among the first in a respectable profession, are frequently found dabbled in others, and we see them prouder of their borrowed plumage, than of the real acquisitions made in their own provinces. This disposition sometimes makes doctors turn sportsmen, metaphysicians lawyers into mechanics, and architects and reverend divines into exponents of "BURNIAN'S" Domestic Medicine, or the equally sapient, though thicker volume of "THE PRACTICE."

We may readily ascertain what a man is most deficient in, by observing what he most anxiously pretends to. Those who are thoroughly conversant with any art or science, are least solicitous to convince others of their attainments; knowing that the reality of their attainments will be perceived and admitted on all proper occasions, while the pretender is continually betraying himself by his eagerness to start objections, to convert the arguments, or to deny the inventions of others.

Some professions are more exposed to the incursions of such invaders than others, as an idea is entertained by many, that all men should be able to pronounce on certain topics, whether they know any thing of the matter or not. This is especially the case in relation to literature, legislation and the fine arts; in consequence, almost every one talks of "style," "politics," and "nature," as if the repetition of any set of phrases gave proof that the speaker had an intuitive knowledge of the rules and beauties of composition, the principles of government, or the vast amount of well-directed observation necessary to fit us for understanding even the external appearances of nature.

On a slight stock of such phrases, occasionally eked out by a very superficial reading, a multitude of pretenders set up as leaders of opinion, and directors of public sentiment, and by dogmatical assertions, and arid answers to the plainest questions, induce such as do not think for themselves (alas! an immense crowd) to suppose that they are really profound and judicious. Were this the limit of the evil, it would be of little consequence; but those who thus pretend, find it necessary to give examples of their great abilities by examining some contemporary work—then woe betide the unfortunate genius whose works are selected for this trial of their skill. They first show that they have some stock in the matter, and having established this wonderful discovery, they go on to discover that it is all faults, unless they find out what is the general opinion on the subject, which they not only adopt, but try to pass off as their own decision.

The object of such pretenders is not to perceive merits, but to prove themselves more knowing than their neighbors—they do not compare a recent work with former works of acknowledged excellence, but test them by their own prejudices and misconceptions, which they exalt into importance, and fancy they are guided by a knowledge of nature, and a clear-sighted observation of what is correct, when in fact they are moved by no other spirit than that of ministering to the cravings of an exorbitant fancy.

Example is more impressive than precept. I will therefore present you with some sketches from undoubted originals, and these may serve as descriptions of similar characters in all parts of the world, as they are types of the principal genera and species of these creatures:

Humbert Hopwige, Esq. was descended from respectable parents, and some of his ancestors had been distinguished for talents, though Hopwige himself was never suspected of having succeeded to any thing but the family estate. This placed him in a situation that gave him some influence, and caused him to desire more. His earliest and most remarkable propensity was to find fault, or sneer at everything, so that his nostrils were in perpetual curl; and he derived so much pleasure from his criticism, as to lose no opportunity of enjoying it.

Hopwige had only occasional opportunities of indulging in his favorite gratification, until he chanced to read the "Dictionary of Painters." What a glorious field presented itself to his view! What a harvest of faults and imperfections! What a feast for a phrenetic temper! The fine arts were then in their infancy in —, and the few artists who were making their first attempts had few advantages and no patronage. This determined Hopwige to become their "Magna Apollo," if not by aiding them to advance, at least by uttering his decisions on the fate of their works; and, to prevent men of genius from becoming too enthusiastic, he continually held before their eyes a mirror reflecting nothing but their faults, and suckened the timid, by his vain display of their imperfections, into lasting despondency.

In process of time, Humbert Hopwige, Esq. passed in the eyes of those who knew no better for a great critic and patron of the fine arts, and persons, every way superior in taste and judgment, submitted to his dictation and repeated his gossip. Four artists flattered him, and were commended to business and reputation—maddening artists courted him, and were occasionally encouraged. A few of the superior class gave themselves to trouble about his praise or censure, as they knew his ignorance, pitied his vanity and conceit, and despised his arrogant presumption.

Henceforth I shall write to you again—whether on this subject or not, I cannot say; but you may always be sure of the good wishes of your friend, to serve.

OMICRON.

From the Liverpool Mercury, Oct. 20.

LA FAYETTE.—The United States of America, at this moment, presents to the world a spectacle still more sublime than that which we have been feebly describing. We there see a whole people, as one individual, enthusiastically welcoming to their shores a man to whom they are indebted by the grateful recollection of past services, rendered to the nation in the hour of imminent peril; the very crisis of their independence. Our readers will readily perceive that we allude to the brilliant reception of the veteran La Fayette by all classes of citizens of the United States. To use the emphatic language of the American journalists, "The illustrious benefactor of America, the soldier, patriot and statesman of our revolution, the bosom friend and companion in arms of the immortal Washington, the steadfast friend of liberty all over the world, has come in his old age, and full of honours, to the country of his youthful glory, to witness its greatness and renown, to receive the congratulations of his surviving compatriots, and to become the guest of the nation—the guest of ten millions of grateful freemen. Welcome, La Fayette!"

The editor of the London Courier, who must have perused the journals describing the reception of La Fayette, with the kind of feeling with which it is said "the Devil looked on Lincoln," has made a feeble and malignant attempt to turn into ridicule a glorious exhibition of national gratitude, unprecedented in the history of the world. When the King of England condescended to visit Ireland, his majesty's reception was highly flattering, and was no doubt dictated by genuine feeling; but we may be permitted to observe, without questioning the loyalty of those who shouted and threw up their caps on the occasion, that it is not only probable, but extremely natural, that they were also actuated by other feelings. Royalty is the fountain of power and of honour; and there is no nation on earth more wretched than the Irish, it was natural that they should be overjoyed to see amongst them a mighty prince, who certainly had the power, if he had the inclination, to confer upon them the most substantial blessings.

In the reception of La Fayette in the United States, the case is altogether different—the Americans have no nerving to expect, or to wish from their illustrious guest, who, on his part, neither seeks, nor would condescend to receive, from them any recompense for his past service, except their gratitude; no wonder that so disinterested an exhibition of republican feeling should be sneered at by a courtier and toy, like the Courier, as it gives the lie to the slanders he and others have heaped upon the American people, whose moral character will be greatly exalted by their dignified reception of La Fayette. Gratitude is a virtue which is always accompanied by other good qualities. "Wherever I find gratitude in a poor man," says Swift, "I take it for granted there would be as much generosity if he were a rich man."

LONDON FEMALE FASHIONS.

Morning Dress.—Milanese robe of fine French lawn, elegantly ornamented down the front, and without side of the arms of the long sleeve with delicately wrought cordons. The petticoat ornamented with two broad tucks, between which is fine lace, pointed a la neige, one row of which finishes the hem next to the feet. The corsage made en blouse and the sleeve en gigot. Morning cap, on a low crown, lace on the forehead next the face, and crowned with leaves of ribbon; sash fastened with a buckle in front instead of a bow, the ends descending to the knee. Black satin shoes.

Walking and Carriage Costume.—Pelisse of Japanese rose colour silk, elegantly trimmed all round with a rich sable fringe fur, and narrow satin rouleaux, or silk braiding, down the sides in front; collar partially elevated, and surmounted by a ruff of yellow lace. Aragoneuse hat of black velvet, crowned with a beautiful plume of black ostrich feathers—the waist of the pelisse encircled by a belt of the same material as the pelisse, fastened with a gold buckle. Reticule en gilette of Japanese rose colour, and holly-leaf green riband.

FROM THE COLUMBIAN CHRONICLE.

MR. CARTWRIGHT.
A late New York "Statesman" contains an obituary notice of Mr. John Cartwright, well known as a most excellent performer on Musical Glasses, invented and tuned by himself. Mr. C. was an Englishman; he had been in this country about six years, during which time he visited most of our large towns and cities, delighting large and respectable audiences by the exquisite melody of the Glasses, and a beautiful display of splendid Philosophical Fireworks, also of his own invention, as rich and various as the notable pictures presented by the Kaleidoscope. Than his, a nobler heart never beat—a firmer spirit never led the bosom of mortality: the writer was intimate with him, and speaks from a thorough knowledge of his character. The first two stanzas following were composed, *ad tempus*, on hearing the wailing sound produced by his skill, at a Concert given at Philadelphia, in the year 1819: the last verse has been added since his decease.

So soft the heavenly strain arose,
The notes of each responsive echo
Did seem the whispering voices dear
Of beings in a brighter sphere;
Each note a zephyr seemed to be,
Mild breathing o'er a waveless sea—
Wafting the raptur'd soul along
On wings of unembodied song.

Oh, may those sounds so soft, so dear,
Again a breathless audience cheer;
Again enchant the minstrel's soul,
And bid it spurn earth's base control;
Again the fair one's bosom swell,
Till spirit bids to earth farewell,
And, floating with the notes that rise,
A moment hail its native skies.

But, list!—Those strains no more shall rise
From earth's dull orb to greet the skies.
The hoary minstrel's lay is done—
His heavenward journey now begun;
May Mercy hail his pious end,
And wait to bless the peaceful friend;
For he it known where billows roll,
His bosom shriv'd a noble soul.

BOSTON BARD.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Messrs. Printers.—In my remarks on the observations of Mr. Grout, you inserted, uniformly, a *h* in the room of a *th*, in the word *éður*, &c. which I do not much regret, as, by being permitted to correct the error, I shall give further light on the subject of Mr. G's complaint. The word *éður*, or *éher*, (in the new orthography,) is the same as *ether*, (a chemical preparation;) by which it will be seen that *h* has the sound of *th* in *think*, which is pronounced *hink*, while *ether*, (one of two or more, distributively,) is pronounced *éður*; by which it will be seen that *h* has the sound of *th* in *thou*, pronounced *th*. In the Pronouncing Spelling Book, however, the new orthography is only used as a mode of teaching the true pronunciation of words; but it does not change the mode of spelling in the least. If posterity should be disposed to adopt the new system of orthography, instead of the one now in use, they can do so. The Pronouncing Spelling Book will make children perfectly acquainted with both systems; and when the

present mode of spelling is laid aside, it will only be necessary to teach children to read without spelling, because the pronunciation will then be the true spelling. The new system, therefore, so far from *looking up* either the pronunciation or the meaning of words as they are now written, would permanently and uniformly fix the former, while the latter would be equally well understood.

A. KNEELAND.

EUROPEAN AFFAIRS.

From late English papers received at New-York.

A dreadful fire had taken place in Fleet st. London. It commenced in the shop of Mr. Bond, linen draper, No. 27, and extended to several of the adjoining premises, and caused a destruction of property to nearly the amount of 100,000l. sterling. No lives were lost. Another fire, the following day, totally destroyed the premises of Messrs. Wilkinson & Son, cabinet makers and upholsterers, No. 14 Ludgate street, and considerably injured the adjoining buildings. One fireman was missing, who was supposed to have perished in the flames.

From every part of Germany afflicting details of the unprecedented devastations occasioned by floods are received. The rivers surcharged by long continued heavy rain have everywhere overflowed their banks, and deluged the adjacent districts.

The British Parliament was not expected to meet before the beginning of February. The King had another attack of the gout, which prevented him from going abroad. He was recovering. Sir Charles Stuart, the ambassador to France, had returned to London, and Viscount Granville had been appointed his successor. Sir Charles Bagot, to be Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary to the King of the Netherlands, had been appointed to go to the Netherlands early in the spring to take on himself the duties of Minister Plenipotentiary to the United States.

London Nov. 1.—The trial of Fauntleroy, for forgery, took place on Saturday morning at the Old Bailey, before Judges Park and Garrow. He had retained Mr. Guernsey, Mr. Broderick, Mr. Alley, and Mr. C. Phillips, to conduct his defence; the attorney-general, Mr. Bolland and Mr. Law were for the prosecutor. The Attorney-General, in the course of his speech, mentioned one circumstance extraordinary, that he did not expect it would be credited, but for the clearance of the fact on which it was supported. It was a paper, in the prisoner's hand writing, found in a tin case in his private desk, containing the names of several noblemen, ladies, and gentlemen, opposite to which were several sums amounting to 120,000 pounds sterling, after which came the following remarkable words: "In order to keep up the credit of our house, I have forged powers of attorney, and sold out the above sums without the knowledge of my partners. I kept up the dividends, but made no entries."

HENRY FAUNTLEROY.
Born at May 7, 1816.

And then this extraordinary postscript, also in the hand-writing of the prisoner.
P. S. The Bank began first to refuse our acceptances, and to destroy our credit; they shall therefore smart for it.

H. F.
The prisoner read a long written defence with confidence and animation. He directed his address principally to the false imputation thrown upon him by the public press; declared that all he had done was to save a sinking establishment. The prisoner then called 16 or 17 gentlemen to the first commercial rank. Mr. T. Wilson and Sir C. Forbes were at the head of the number—they gave him the highest possible character. The jury returned at 9 minutes past 3—verdict, *guilty of uttering—death*. Mr. Justice Park, in a very impressive address to the prisoner, held out no hope of mercy. He did not pass sentence.

From the Council of the Council of Mr. Fauntleroy moved an arrest of judgment; it was however unsuccessful. Mr. Fauntleroy then rose and read an address in a very energetic and affecting manner, implored for the sake of his relatives that sentence of death might not be carried into execution. Sentence was passed by Mr. Common Sergeant on the capital convicts, thirteen in number, amongst whom was Mr. Fauntleroy.

Petitions to the King are in circulation, praying a reversal of the Royal clemency in the case of Mr. Fauntleroy. A general petition, embracing this subject, and also praying for modification of the criminal code, is also in circulation. On the 11th, interviews took place between Mr. F. and his wife, from whom it will be recollected, he separated at the church door, immediately after the performance of the marriage ceremony. She was accompanied by her son, who has often visited his unfortunate father since his confinement.

Whatever difference may have existed between them all was buried in oblivion and mutual forgiveness—and they parted with the strongest demonstration of affection—interrupted though that feeling was by ebullitions of sorrow, too overpowering for restraint. Mr. Fauntleroy's vices great affection for his son. On a recent occasion he took a favorite seal from his watch, and presented it to the boy, with that solemn, adjuration of remembrance, which probably no length of time will erase from a mind of sensibility. Mr. F. during the last five days of November, was disposed, and the interview with Mrs. F. succeeded by great weakness and depression. Mr. F. however, had regained that tranquil equanimity of mind which had previously given such consolation to his friends.

GREEK VICTORIES.

The news from Greece is of the most cheering character. The succession of victories which immediately preceded the abandonment of the naval operations of the Turks for sea, were more brilliant and decisive than we had seen since the capture of the Constantinople accounts themselves. The Ottoman Ministry had circulated accounts of several advantages said to have been obtained by the Captain Pacha, but they were suddenly succeeded by the most disastrous news. A letter from Constantinople, of October 11, says:—

"Equally unfortunate with all his predecessors, the Turkish Admiral, in a fit of rage and despair, had the temerity to attempt an assault on the island of Samos. In consequence he set sail from Mytilene with the Egyptian fleet, which had joined him, but he had scarcely put to sea when the intrepid Canaris appeared, and spread out his fleet, with great ability in his manoeuvres. The Mussulmans, on the contrary, in attempting to form fell into dreadful confusion, which was increased when the Greeks advanced towards them with an intrepidity which was admired by the European seamen who were present at the action. It was of short duration; the barbarians shamefully fled to seek refuge and in the broken. Some of the half tons measured 60 inches in circumference. The shipping in port received some damage.

Mr. A. Sheffer, a distinguished portrait painter of Paris, has presented to our Congress, a full length portrait of La Fayette, painted by him.

The post rider of the eastern mail, due to Little Rock, (Arkansas), absconded previous to the 15th November, with the horse, saddle, and bridle; belonging to his employer, Mr. Martin. His name is William McNeil, and he fled to the Spanish country, or the Mississippi.

The Legislature of Delaware will assemble at Dover, on Tuesday next.

Jeune.—By the Documents of Congress it

ed devotion of the Mussulmans. He has just published a firm, ordering the woman to dress less indecently, and cast less wanton looks upon the men."

Gouras has defeated the Turks at Negropont. He made many prisoners, among whom are two Pashas. Arts, which has been half burnt, has fallen into the hands of the Greeks. In Epirus, the Greeks are encamped at Boula, half a league from Janina. The mountaineers of Mount Pindus and the neighbouring mountains are in a state of insurrection. The Sultans remain quiet.

A letter from Prince Mavrocordato, received in London, dated at his head quarters at Lidoritz, Sept. 5, states that the operations of the Greeks against Arta, have been crowned with great success. Omer Pacha continued shut up at Caravansara. Mavrocordato entertained hopes of totally destroying him.

The Greeks in an engagement with the Turkish fleet on the 29th October, destroyed a Tripolitan frigate with 500 persons on board, and one brig with 300 persons.

The old Vrakos an Ipsariot 81 years of age, has gone to Napoli de Romania, to request the Greek government to cede to him the fortress of Navarino, in order to receive there, all the unfortunate families of Ipsara, and to permit him to build there new houses for their accommodation. He has a large sum of money with him, subscribed in Russia.

The Greeks are said to have been again triumphant. Dervish Pacha, with 15,000 men, had been repulsed at Thermopylae, and forced to retreat on Larissa in confusion, with the loss of fourteen standards of colours; Odysseus has defeated a party of Turks advancing from Negropont; in the Western Greece, Omer Pacha's forces had been routed near Arta.

Letters from the Ionian Islands of the 20th, 17th September, and 2d of October, confirm the defeat of the united Egyptian and Turkish fleets. They state that their loss was very great, and they had fled in all directions. Thus has the naval armaments from Constantinople and Egypt been entirely deprived of the power of doing mischief to the Greeks.

Loss of the ship Asia, of New York.—About the 10th of October, while lying at the morning chain at Fayal, in a fresh blow, the vessel, gave way, and she went on to the rocks, bilged, upset, and sunk, with most of her cargo on board. Mr. Akerman, first mate, and 4 of the crew, have arrived in the America at Boston. Capt. Seale, and the second mate had gone to London.

Capt. Smith, arrived at Boston from Cronstadt, informs that the Emperor of Russia had issued an order for the departure of all foreign Missionaries from the Russian Empire, and that many of them with their families, had arrived at Cronstadt and were embarking for England.

Private letters from Lisbon, Oct. 27, state that neither the arrest and imprisonment of the Queen, nor the arrest of a great number of persons of high rank, and other measures of severity, have been sufficient to check the Absolutists.

WEEKLY COMPENDIUM.

(Compiled for the Saturday Evening Post.)

The whole of the Masonic Loan in this city, for 19,000 dollars, bearing an interest of 5 per cent per annum, authorised to be raised to redeem the loan of 40,000 dollars, bearing an interest of 6 per cent per annum, due the 1st January, was taken at a premium of \$1 79-100 per cent.

The Supreme Court, have decided, in the case of the Commonwealth vs. Wood, that no auctioneer has a right to keep open two regular auction establishments for Goods of any description.

Seamen are scarce at Boston. Wages 14 dollars a month.

A contagious disease has made its appearance in the Village of Genesee, Livingston county, N. Y., and out of six or eight cases, two persons have died. It is stated by a Committee of the citizens appointed for its examination, that it is not the Small Pox, but more nearly resembling the chicken pox; [probably the Varioloid which lately appeared in this city.]

At the latest accounts from New Orleans, we learn that the Ex-empress of Mexico, Madame Turbide, had arrived in the city from her residence in the country; she intends remaining permanently in the United States.

During the last five days of November, fish to the value of 19,000l. were exported from St. Johns, Newfoundland.

The ground was first broken for the Walland Canal, Canada, on St. Andrew's day.

The Quebec Gazette of the 16th ult. speaks of the delay of the mails in consequence of heavy falls of snow, and states that on that morning the mercury stood as low as zero.

The Rev. Mr. Hughes, is to sail for Hayti immediately, as superintendent of the Mission established there by the United Foreign Missionary Society.

Baron de Mareuil, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary from France, delivered to the President of the United States his new credentials letters from His Most Christian Majesty, Charles 10th, the present King.

Commodore Chaney has resigned his station as Commissioner of the Navy, and is to take command of the Navy Yard at Brooklyn, and of the New York station.

From the London Herald we learn, that in the case of Clarke vs. The Corporation of Washington, the verdict of the Jury has been set aside, and a new trial granted, without costs.

Boring for Water.—In Brunswick, N. J. the experiment has been tried in a manner truly satisfactory. One of the apertures is as deep as 160 feet, the pure water rushes up through the tubes several feet above the surface of the earth in copious quantities.

Hostilities.—The Richmond Whig declares, on the authority of a letter that Com. Porter is to be recalled from the command on the West-India station, and Capt Warrington appointed, in consequence of his attack on the Spanish town.

By the report of the Post-master General, it appears that the Post-Office Department is no longer a charge upon the Treasury; but its receipts will exceed the expenditures; at the same time the mail has been considerably accelerated, and is carried many thousands miles further than it was before Mr. M'Lane came into office.

Perez Anthony, convicted of murder on the high seas, in the Spring of 1823, was executed at Boston on Tuesday week. A numerous collection of people assembled to witness the awful scene, and are stated to have conducted themselves with great propriety.

On the 10th of October, a severe hail storm was experienced at Montevideo, which did considerable damage to the houses in the town—20,000 lights are said to have been broken. Some of the hail stones measured 60 inches in circumference. The shipping in port received some damage.

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Jeune.—By the Documents of Congress it

appears that for the year ending in September, 1823, there was imported from the British Islands, the value of 167,059 dollars in manufactures of gold, silver, and precious stones; 33,498 dollars from the ports of Germany; 42,344 dollars from France and other places, besides many other smaller importations from Italy, China, &c. making in all 263,667 dollars. Jason Treadwell, who was found guilty of murdering Oliver Harper, in May last, in Susquehanna county, is to be executed on Thursday, 12th of January.

The Annual Report of the Pennsylvania Commissioners for improving the navigation of the bed of the Susquehanna river, is a document at all times interesting to our readers. It appears, from the account current attached to the report, that the cost of the work contracted for during the year amounted to \$6,835 47, of which \$3,287 13 were paid by the Baltimore commissioners.

With a promissory which enhances the value of the proceeding, the act concerning General LA FAYETTE, which passed the House of Representatives on Wednesday week, was taken up, read three several times, and finally passed, in the Senate, on the next day, without a dissenting voice. It now only wants the signature of the President, which it is known will give him sincere pleasure to affix to this bill, to make it a law. A single voice in the Senate could have prevented the bill's receiving even its second reading on the same day; but, the thing being resolved upon, forms were dispensed with, that the act of national gratitude might be speedily consummated.

The bill has at length passed the House of Representatives, which has been for several years on the tapis, for occupying the Mouth of the Oregon, or Columbia River. It has been so amended as not to contemplate, even prospectively, a civil or territorial form of government. The occupation will, therefore, for the present, be purely military. The original name of the river, *Owkeon*, will be restored to it, if this bill passes the Senate in its present shape, and we are glad of it. It is a sonorous word, and significant—the meaning of it being, when translated, *The River that runs to the West*.

A letter from the Territory of Arkansas, announces the fact, of vast importance to that Territory, and even to the government, that the Commission appointed for that purpose, (Mr. Crittenden) has succeeded in making a Treaty with the Quapaw Indians, by which they relinquish to the United States all their lands in that territory. The letter adds, that a good route has been found for a road from Memphis to Little Rock, making the distance of 140 miles between the two points, forty of which are through a prairie. The cutting of this road will save 300 miles of the route heretofore travelled between the seat of the general government and the capital of Arkansas.

It is supposed that there will not be more than ten bridges on the road, and that from the nature of the ground the road will be such that it may be travelled at all seasons of the year. The construction of this road, in connection with the Quapaw Treaty, it is supposed, will greatly increase the value of the public land, and contribute revenue to the Treasury from the sale of them in that quarter.

Slave Trade.—Accounts from Buenos Ayres to the 10th of Oct. have been received, by which we learn that the slave trade has been abolished in the provinces of Rio de la Plata. The Government of those provinces have decreed that the trade in negroes of the Coast of Africa is declared an act of piracy, and that the citizens of Buenos Ayres, who shall be found employed in that trade, shall be punished as pirates.

We copy the following advertisement from the Pittsburgh Intelligencer.

Whereas my husband, Jesse Norris, has eloped from my bed and board, without any just cause, this is therefore to caution all persons against harbouring the said Jesse Norris, as I am fully determined not to liquidate any debts of his contracting.

J—N., if you had as many friends as foes, you might light your pipe and warm your nose. So now I think I've done my duty, And you have neither wit nor beauty.

November 25, 1824.

Loss of the Packet Ship Nestor.—On Saturday morning last, at o'clock, the packet ship Nestor, Peace, master, from Liverpool, bound to New York, struck on the beach at Fire Island Inlet, south side of Long Island; her masts were cut away, but the water made fast; all the goods between the decks were put on board a lighter in a wet state, and ordered round to the city. In the forenoon, the sea increased to such a degree, the crew were compelled to leave her; the weather, however, continued mild, so that a part of the remaining cargo was saved. Her cargo consisted of dry goods, coals, hardware and crates.

Commerce of Louisiana.—There entered, in the district of Mississippi, (New Orleans) in 1823, 105,134 tons of shipping; of which 24,041 tons was Foreign, 81,093 Americans; of which latter 50,786 was Coastwise, and 30,314 in Foreign Trade.

In 1823, there entered 135,349 tons; of which 26,204 tons were Foreign, 107,144 American—of which 53,627 were Coastwise, and 53,517 were in Foreign Trade.

Desertion.—Maj. Gen. Brown, in a letter to the Secretary at War, proposes to prevent desertion from the Army, by retaining a part of the soldier's pay in the hands of the government until the expiration of his term of service; to be forfeited in case of desertion. He recommends \$1 50 cts. per month to be thus reserved, so that at the end of the first year the soldier will have 18 dollars in the hands of the government, at the end of the second year 36 dollars, the third year 54 dollars, the fourth 72 dollars, and at the close of the term 90 dollars. This measure would doubtless operate powerfully to prevent desertions; and the sums forfeited by those who desert would, as Gen. Brown observes, go far towards procuring new recruits to supply their places; and the money thus accumulated and to be received by the soldier on leaving the army would assist to establish him in business.

Step Hicks, a coloured man, who lived about a mile below West Chester, Pa. on Christmas night, about 10 o'clock, was sitting near a window, leaning back in a chair, nursing his child, when some person raised the window, put a stone under it, and shot him with a gun or pistol with squirrel shot. He received the charge in the back part of his head and neck, and instantly expired. Several persons are in prison to take their trial for the affair.

In the House of Representatives on Monday, Mr. Forward gave notice, that on Thursday next, he should move to take up the bill laying a tax on the sales at auction. The resolution, offered by Mr. Archer, calling for information in relation to the late transaction at Porto Rico, was taken up and agreed to.—On motion of Mr. Long, of N. C. it was resolved, that the committee of ways and means be instructed to inquire into the expediency of reducing the duty on the importation of salt. Mr. Cazeney, of Ohio, offered a resolution requesting the President to inform the

House what terms were offered by the people for the stock created by the act of May last past, and by whom such were offered.

The people of Lancaster are engaged in preparations for improving the navigation of the Susquehanna, from their city to the mouth of the river, at Safe Harbor. By a statement made to the town meeting, by Mr. Hugh Maxwell, it is calculated that the locks upon the Conestoga and the canal be 100 feet by 20 in the clear, and 120 feet by 20 in the clear, and 12 feet to be 30 feet wide at the bottom, and 42 feet at the surface, with a form depth of four feet. The whole excavation, in a distance of 15, is only to be on very favourable ground. There be but eight dams and nine locks.

General La Fayette arrived in Baltimore Sunday last, and dined the following day at his Masonic Brethren. The General had terminated not to visit the south until the inauguration of the next President, and wishes to be present at the ceremony, which would avoid travelling at an inclement season. He is to leave Washington the 6th of March next, for Raleigh, and subsequently visit South Carolina and Georgia.

The editor of the Troy Sentinel states that the price of pig iron in England has raised from £8 to £13 per ton. This rise accounts for the extraordinary consideration of that article, not only in pillars, beams, and frequently the whole work of a house is made of cast iron, in case the whole of the building. To be added with the iron rails, one of which is proposed to build from London to Hamburg, which will consume 96,000 tons.

The 23d of December was the anniversary of that day on which General Washington, after his illustrious military career by the act of his life, the resignation of his military commission to Congress—an act which, contrasted with the Bonapartes, of other nations, may be regarded not merely as the feature of his life, but as forming one of the most memorable pages of our country's history.

There was a turn out for more wages of the sailors at St. John, N. B. on Sunday 5th ult. They paraded the principal streets with colours flying, preceded by a black and white band. A Buenos Ayres steamer, which had been in the English ship, was at one of the Islands, and insisted on proceeding to England, notwithstanding the captain was opposed to it. The ship was loaded for Liverpool, and the Zealander would go her.

A letter dated Buenos Ayres, Oct. 18, states that the King of New Zealand has just arrived here on his way to England—reports say he will raise a loan of £100,000 to purchase arms and ammunition. The Buenos Ayres papers say he arrived in the English ship, the "Lion," that he came on board when the ship was at one of the Islands, and insisted on proceeding to England, notwithstanding the captain was opposed to it. The ship was loaded for Liverpool, and the Zealander would go her.

NEW-JERSEY LEGISLATURE.

TRENTON, DEC. 25.

The Canal bills both passed the house the forenoon, and were sent to Council for concurrence, and it is thought they will both pass that body; I think, however, they will receive some amendments there. The Weehawken bill has not yet passed Council, though it has been before that body several days. The Lombard Association bill was received from Council a day or two ago; the success of both these bills is quite doubtful. The house has resolved to adjourn on Tuesday next.

December 27.

The Legislature is still in session, and believed they will not adjourn until

